

19, 1912

WIDOWS'
NUMBER

Life

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COLES PHILLIPS

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Danger Ahead!

One phase in the present Balkan affair seems to have been completely overlooked. As this is the most important aspect of the situation to the United States, particularly as regards the State of INDIANA, it seems that it should not be lightly passed over.

If the Bulgar States become a confederacy what are our native authors of romantic fiction to do for scenes for their coming crop of novels?

For fifteen years now Montenegro, Servia and Bulgaria, under their own names or aliases, have furnished princesses as wives for the straight-limbed, square-jawed, clear-eyed fiction sons of our Chicago beef packers, and princely husbands for the slender, graceful (with a dash of abandon), well-shod fiction daughters of our California railroad kings. The chief business of these sons and daughters has been to thwart the designs of pretenders, put rightful heirs on thrones, and resist the plans of neighboring kings with sons or daughters of their own to marry off.

If the Balkan States coalesce the occupation of these Americans and that of their creators will be gone.

We demand of our new President, himself an author, warships to protect American literature and the chief industry of INDIANA.

D. W.

"The Most Interesting Magazine in the World"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for 1913

WHAT is there in one magazine which puts it above another? What quality makes one eagerly await its coming? Is not the answer this: there are classes among magazines just as there are in society. You like the Magazine because it is of your sort; its manners are the manners to which you are accustomed; its standards are your standards; its ideals, your ideals; and above all it always and invariably interests you.

This vital quality of interestingness is the foundation upon which the great structure of Harper's Magazine has been builded, and with such success that the cash receipts from subscriptions last year (this year's subscribers) were the largest in its history. To give any complete outline of the plans which will make the coming year one of extraordinary interest is impossible, but a few notable features may be mentioned.

Sir Gilbert Parker's Great Novel

Of this great serial it is necessary to say only a word: it is the author's greatest book—a story so dramatic, so tense in interest, that it cannot be discontinued or forgotten. It will be followed by

A New Novel by Arnold Bennett

This will be a story in his lighter vein—the vein of "Buried Alive" and "Denry"—a tale of extraordinary happenings and unique interest.

Mark Twain---Hitherto Unpublished Writings

Mark Twain left in the hands of his literary executors a number of important manuscripts which for certain reasons he had thought best not to publish during his lifetime. Some of these writings—the most notable of this great genius, the most remarkable—will appear in Harper's Magazine during the coming months.

Stefansson's Own Story of the Blond Eskimos

This is the narrative for which people in every part of the world are now waiting. After spending more than four years in the Frozen North, and covering in his travels over ten thousand miles of territory, Mr. Stefansson has just returned. His remarkable story has yet to be told, and by special arrangement it will appear exclusively in Harper's Magazine, beginning in the Christmas number.

Among the Savages of the Upper Amazon

Algol Lange, the ethnologist, is heading the expedition sent by the University of Pennsylvania to the headwaters of the Amazon, where he will venture into territory never before reached by white men—a country full of little-known savage tribes. Mr. Lange's own narrative of his adventures will appear exclusively in Harper's Magazine. There will be other travel articles of unusual interest by such famous writers as Ambassador Bryce, Stewart Edward White, W. D. Howells, etc.

The Wonders of Science

Harper's Magazine is the only popular magazine for which the great men of the scientific world consent to write. In its pages they will tell of their epoch-making discoveries.

The Greatest Short Stories

A list of the short stories which have appeared in Harper's Magazine would be a list of the greatest short stories of the English language. To Harper's the great writers have always come with their best work, and in Harper's appear more short stories each month than in any other illustrated magazine—seven in each number. Notable among those whose stories will appear in 1913 are Mark Twain, Margaret Deland, W. D. Howells, Henry van Dyke, Booth Tarkington, Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas A. Janvier, Irving Bacheller, James Oppenheim, Richard Washburn Child, Alice Brown, Perceval Gibson, etc., etc.

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(By Angus MacDonall)

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A reproduction of this picture, 9½ by 15 inches in size, on paper 15 by 20, will be sent on each yearly subscription entered this season.

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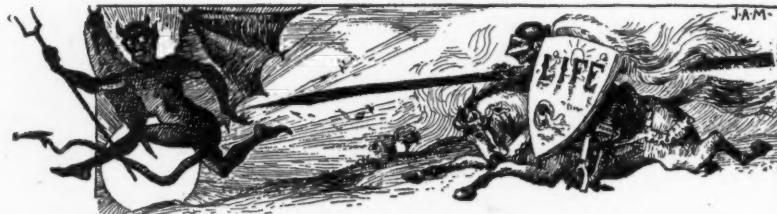


SANTA CLAUS LEFT SOMETHING, BUT NOT WHAT WAS EXPECTED



KING SOLOMON RECEIVES THE QUEEN OF SHEBA

• LIFE •



DECEMBER 26, 1912

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. LX.
No. 1574

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York
English Offices, Cannon House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

A NYONE who knows whether Mr. Brandeis ought to be invited into Mr. Wilson's cabinet ought to tell and relieve the minds of a great many people who want to find out. Ever since election, when the possibility that he might succeed Mr. Wickersham as Attorney-General began to impend, Mr. Brandeis has been very much discussed. Folks from the Boston district, who already had the habit of discussing him, kept on, and a large company of others began. At the present stage most of those interested have got well past generals and are busy with details, going over Mr. Brandeis' mental area with the most exact instruments procurable and examining it in cerebral sections.

Now the instruments procurable for this purpose are mostly men who know, or think they know, Mr. Brandeis, and have views about him; and because the views differ very much it is pretty hard to get a survey that can be accepted as reliable. As to part of the area there is agreement on the lines, but as to quite a considerable back space some surveyors say this, and some that, and a good many admit that they can't measure it. It is agreed that Mr. Brandeis is an excellent lawyer, that his mind is lucid and acute, that he knows business and can do it, and has done good strokes of it not only for himself but for the public. A common cause of fear of reformers who want to change the laws is that they don't know what would be the effect on society and business of the changes they advocate. That can hardly be a basis of fear of Mr. Bran-

deis. His mind is powerful, his equipment is remarkable, his experience is ample, and he ought to be as able as anyone to foresee effects. But that doesn't console the folks who are afraid of him, because they suspect that effects that would look good to him would look bad to them. There comes in that unmeasured area in the back of Mr. Brandeis' head. He has come to have two professions. He is a lawyer and an altruist. As a lawyer he is fairly well understood, but as a professional altruist he stumps the estimators.



OF course altruists are always perplexing, especially to the "ins," who can get along very well with things as they are. There is Mr. Hearst, a perennial mystery, and Mr. Roosevelt, whose self-abnegations in the public interest excite so much cavil, and Mr. Bryan, whose feeling for the people is so liable to puncture by persons who feel differently. And in Mr. Brandeis' case the matter is complicated by the fact that he is a Jew. Common, Gentile altruists are hard enough to understand, but that Moses may be a tenant of that unmeasured area in the back of Mr. Brandeis' head makes observers grope all the more. There is no religious prejudice about it. It is not generally known, and we never heard, whether Mr. Brandeis is a Jew in religion. The perplexity is about the Jewish mind when its operations are complicated by altruism; how it works; whether it is constructive or merely combative; whether it

is duly tempered with compunctions; whether it duly respects the *status quo* of a so-called Christian civilization and would use a decent moderation in improving it. Mr. Brandeis' favorite clients nowadays are the "outs," those of us who seem to be getting less than our fair proportion of the prevailing prosperity; those of us who have to pay too high for life insurance, who cannot make good bargains with our employers and the corporations that undertake to serve us. Women who worked too long hours, and children, have been his clients, much to their advantage; and working-men, and whole communities in their disputes with gas companies, railroads and administrators of such public utilities. These are Christian-seeming services on Mr. Brandeis' part, but to be more Christian than the Christians of one's generation is to be in a rather worse fix, as regards public confidence, than if one lagged a little behind. Conservatives at least are understood, but altruistic, radical innovators scare people.



MR. BRANDEIS scares a good many. He lacks the confidence of the more solvent and respectable part of Boston in an impressive degree. He is not of the Brahmin stock, has no Pilgrim or Puritan derivation, no association by descent with the West India trade, or leather, or wool, or cotton, but comes remotely from Palestine by way of Germany (probably) and in his own person from Louisville, Kentucky, with all those disconcerting abilities, and all these succor-your-neighbor ideas in the back of his head, the scope and limits of which no Boston-born man can measure.

Some of his rivals in the profession of law say he does not play the game with proper regard for professional etiquette, and, though he has excellent clients, and staunch defenders, he has an extensive Boston reputation as a dangerous man.

And yet he would apparently be a valuable man in a Democratic cabinet. There are laws, especially the

Sherman law, to be enforced and probably extended or tinkered. If it comes to tinkering, Mr. Brandeis has definite ideas how to do it, and can draw bills that express them. If that use were not made of him, still he is very clear in discussion and statement, and resourceful in suggestion, and can put a take-it or leave-it proposition in such a way that other minds can better discover their disposition towards it.

Some eminent Bull Moose statesmen are quite sure that Mr. Brandeis, as the leading demonstrator of the policy towards the trusts that Mr. Wilson has adopted, should be Attorney-General in Mr. Wilson's cabinet. Perhaps they think so because they feel, unconsciously of course, that Mr. Brandeis would be the Attorney-General likeliest to endear Mr. Roosevelt's trust policy to the people by contrast with Mr. Wilson's as enforced. Maybe they are mistaken about that—if they do feel so—but Mr. Brandeis may still be in the cabinet, and very useful there without being Attorney-General.



THE testimony of Mary Goode, an employing prostitute, about the tribute levied on her by policemen, fol-



"THEY HAVE EYES, BUT THEY SEE NOT"



WARNING TO WIDOWS

DON'T SIGH OVER THE PORTRAIT OF YOUR FIRST IN THE PRESENCE OF YOUR SECOND

lowed by corroborative testimony by other women in the same trade, has brought on a general discussion of the whole subject that it concerns, and the possibility or impossibility of doing anything for or with the women of the street. The chief encouragement for such discussion springs from recognition that their state now in New York is about as bad as it can be, and no change could well make it worse.

The good point about that condition is that it may help to prevent "the oldest profession" from becoming too attractive or too remunerative. A very bad point about it is that it permits a lot of unspeakable men to prey on women who are most advisedly called "unfortunate," and the terrors and risks of whose calling do not need to be increased by systematic extortion, and mistreatment.

Some things might be done if there were fit people available to do them. There ought at least to be drastic punishment, including perhaps corporeal punishment, for the male promoters of this traffic, and a sharp reckoning

with men who profit by it in any way. Prostitution may be a necessary evil and part of the price paid for the kind of monogamous civilization that we enjoy, but surely the promotion of prostitution by men, and the use of it to afford revenue to members of the police force, or to the city, is not a necessary evil and might be cured. The street walkers are a part of the same human lump as the rest of us, and it does not become us to flout them too scornfully, nor abandon them to the tormenters. Neither is it even safe to do so, for their powers of retaliation on a society that misuses or neglects them are enormous, and operative automatically in direct proportion to the mistreatment and neglect.

The details of any regulation of prostitution are hard to work out because it is a regulation of what is universally recognized as sin. But any law or plan may do some good if administered by just and humane people, and any law or plan will make bad worse if left to be operated by rascals and bullies.

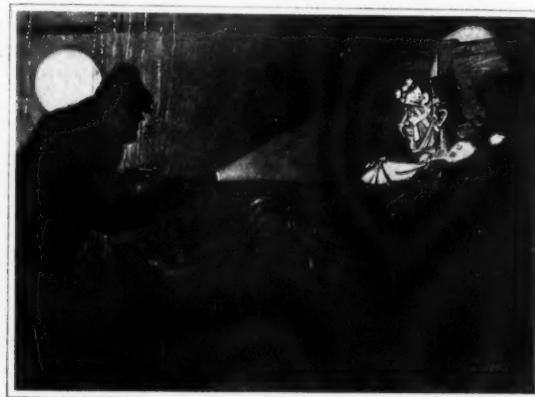


Speaking of Widows

THERE'S the widow "just from Reno," and the widow—Filipino—
 The "college" brand of widow and the widow known as "grass"—
 The widow sentimental and the widow ultra-dental,
 The bookish sort of widow and the widow who's "some class";
 There's the widow gay and dashing and the widow bold and flashing,
 The widow shy and clever and the widow coy and quaint;
 The widow wise and wary and the widow mercenary,
 And the "artificial" widow, who's adept at puffs and paint;
 There's the widow pert and pettish and the widow suffragettish,
 And the stage-struck type of widow with the dramatic air—
 The widow who is "horsy" and the widow who's "divorce-y,"
 And the widow fond of frolic—whom it isn't safe to dare;
 There's the widow lithe and slender and the widow soft and tender,
 And the clinging type of widow, who is not unlike a vine;
 The widow melancholy and the widow nice and jolly,
 And the gastronomic widow, who is out to wine and dine;
 There's the widow ripe and mellow, who's an all-around good fellow,
 And the tearful sort of widow, who's excessively depressed;

The widow who is witty, and the widow who is gritty,
 And the widow who's "just yearning" to be cuddled and caressed;
 There's the widow socialistic and the widow queer and mystic,
 Who discusses dreamy issues with a rapt and soulful air;
 There's the widow with the poodle and the widow with the boodle,
 And the widow who makes epigrams and spills 'em everywhere;
 But—no matter what her station, age, attainments, gifts, vocation—
 After all, she's just a widow and in all creation's plan
 It is written she is human like her plainer sister woman,
 And her game's as old as Egypt—hence, be careful, Master Man!

Irving Dillon.



TERRORS OF THE NIGHT



THE YOUNG MAN'S VISION



THE OLD MAN'S DREAM



EVERY MAN'S HORROR

Pensions

ACCORDING to our Pension Department we have spent for pensions, since the foundation of the Government, something over \$4,000,000,000. About half of this sum has been paid as the result of the Civil War.

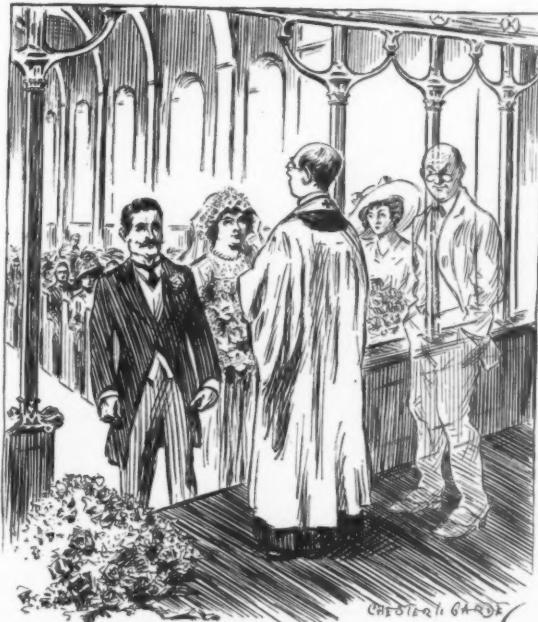
We are paying more each year. Within the last twelve months, for example, we have added \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000. (We are not sure of the exact amount, but a few million more or less do not, apparently, make much difference.)

On the other hand, the pension roll has been steadily decreasing.

In 1901 there were 997,735 pensioners; in 1911 there were 892,098 pensioners; on June 30 last (1912) there were 860,294 pensioners. During the past year about 33,000 have died.

This brings up an interesting question. As the number of pensioners decreases, the pension fund increases.

Consequently, what is going to happen when the number of pensioners is reduced to only one man? The prospect is alarming. The only way out of it is to get into another war as soon as possible, for by increasing the number of pensioners, we may be able to reduce the pension fund. We suggest this idea to the incoming administration. Of course, the expense of a war is considerable, but it certainly would be a mere bagatelle compared with the growing pension list.



*Shade of first husband: I WARNED HIM SIX TIMES,
BUT THE FOOL DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS*

Have You a Hysterical Temperament?

If Not You Can Try One for a Short Time as a Relief from Your Present Condition—Any Kind of Vibrations to Order at a Moment's Notice



SWAMI BAA BAA, the most exalted yogi in the world, is at present so busy that he cannot see anyone personally except by special appointment. We desire to call attention, however, to the fact that anybody can communicate with the Baa Baa by leaving a cash deposit at the office and going into the silence. In about fifteen minutes you will begin to get vibrations. At the end of an hour you will feel like a new man—or woman—as the case may be.

We have just opened up a special department for emotional and hysterical women. We make a specialty of almost all temperaments, and no matter who you are, or how you feel, we can place you in the seventh heaven of delight in almost no time. With this preliminary, we are now ready to make the most startling announcement that has ever been issued.

It must be remembered that Swami Baa Baa has placed tattvic vibrations on an entirely new basis, so that you cannot only subdue anybody who doesn't agree with you, but you can keep on eating and drinking four times as much as you ever did before; also, you can make this remarkable change in your own personality by just following a few vibratory rules.

Here is a letter just received which illustrates the method of treatment:

"SWEET BAA BAA:

"I can't wait to call in person and fall upon your neck and tell you what a perfectly grand and wonderful thing you have done.

"Last week I was a cold, haughty, queen-like woman, sending a chill over everybody who came near me. According to the directions, I went into the silence, indulged in rhythmic breathing, gazed at a crystal ball for ten minutes, and wished myself to be gushing and hysterical. Now I am having the most glorious time that could be imagined. I have just been elected president of the Woman's Club—an office which I expect to hold for at least a week—and every new fad that comes along entrances me. I have left my husband, and am now looking for a first-class affinity. Besides this, I expect to be a suffragette, a follower of Nietzsche, a sociological sharp; and, in fact, everything that is intensely intellectual—all during the next month or so.

"You have done this, and I am simply crazy about you.

"DOLLY ———."

A great many people think that the claims made by this office cannot be substantiated, because apparently they are so wonderful. In reality, they are not wonderful at all. Everything is mental. If you walk up and down Broadway, you think you see buildings and feel people. They exist only in your mind. If you doubt this, you can materialize anything you want by concentrating upon Swami Baa Baa and waiting for developments.

Here is a letter just received from one of our enthusiastic patrons:

"DEAR OLD BAA BAA:

"I am a lady living entirely alone, with no one to love me. Having become a member of your cult, I desired to obtain a companion. I thereupon concentrated on a toy spaniel. At the end of four hours I achieved the result desired. The most delightful little toy spaniel in the world is now my companion. Other people claim that they cannot see him, but that makes no difference to me. He is there all the same, free of charge.

Yours gratefully,

" ——— ———"

Please remember that we can infuse into you any kind of a temperament that you desire. If you will call at our office, we will show you models of different people.

Model A.—Young lady of thirty, gushing and literary; talks constantly about nothing.

Model B.—High-brow type, cold and austere, and equally intellectual. Speaks fourteen languages with ease. Writes literary reviews. We can make you like this one in two weeks' time.

Model C.—Simperer. If at present you are a frigid and over sensible person, perhaps you would like to take a vacation for a few weeks and become like this.

Model D.—Sweet young thing. Winsome, and reeking with innocence. If you are a bold, arrogant and rather masculine looking lady, perhaps you would like to change into this winsome creature—the kind that a man jumps from a ten-story building to save. We can make the change for you for only thirty dollars.

Please understand that in making a change in your temperament, you can go back to what you were at any time. In fact, you can do anything you please.

P. S.—In calling at this office, before entering the private consulting room, please have your astral bodies checked at the door. It makes great confusion while clients are consulting to have their astral bodies wandering around and interrupting the conversation.

Life's Vibration Parlors.



Maid, or Widow

THEIR rival claims to reign supreme,
Can Man decide in no case:
The maid's the diamond in the stream—
The widow's in the showcase.
The maid's a formal *table d'hôte*—
The widow's cakes-and-honey.
The maid's a promissory note—
The widow's ready money.

The maid's the latest book on sale—
Pure fiction—sweet—seductive:
The widow is a twice-told tale,
But thrilling—deep—instructive!
The maid's a soldier of the line—
A brave but artless yeoman:
The widow gives the countersign,
And takes the sleeping foeman!

O pretty bread-and-butter Miss,
And bread-and-sugar Madam!
There's nothing really new in this;
Your claims date back to Adam:
When Abel died, his weeping bride
The question first gave rise to,
Which Man can never quite decide.
(I wonder if he tries to?)

Jeannie A. Reed.



THE OLD MAN'S DARLING

*The Bivouac in the Basebalkans**An International Imbroglio*

By Quincy Kilby

DAMRASCALS PERSONAE.

Bananaman, a Greek.
Washtub, a three-card Montenegrin.
Casaret, a Bulgarian.
Waita, a Serviant.
Masha Offendid, a Turkish prisoner, severely wounded in the borax.

THE scene is laid in Asparagus, a Greece spot on the Phosphorus, overlooking the Darnineedles. The Turkish petrol is heard in the distance.

MASHA (reading in his home paper, the 'Turks Gravi') : Redsox ate, jiance tu.

WASHTUB (*Crossern tu Styx*) : Cristi mathusun!

CASARET (*biggern bilibidam*) : Mugzi magror!

MASHA (fanning himself and basely bawling) : Arrah musha.

WAITA (thinking of the servant girls at home) : Gran pianna limousine molasses cooki.

BANANAMAN (kicking the Turk in the interim) : Ery-sipelas hucuspocus ignoramus. Encyclopedia Britannica sawdust-area.

MASHA (with an expression of pain—as real pain might be injurious to the actor, it is advisable to use champingagne) : Hurtz likel.

WASHTUB (killing a flea by the Montessori method of taking them while they are young) : Pinocle monocle bungalo trollicar.

CASARET (with bulgarian intent) : Sausij butcha fisch pedla.

WASHTUB (turning his back on the audience and speak-

ing with his mouth shut, to give the effect of realism) : Antiphlogistine!

CASARET (biting his nails. If he has no nails to bite, the property man must provide tacks) : Peninsula propaganda assafoetida lobsta. Peroxyda hydrogen.

WAITA (throwing Standard Oil on the troubled waters) : Isinglas cantelope modus vivendi.

BANANAMAN (*Grecily*) : Sarcophagus incubus minneapolis delirius nicodemus.

WASHTUB (producing the effect of cholera by grasping his necktie) : Appendicitis laryngitis bronchitis. Genesis exodus leviticus.

CASARET (concealing his feelings. If he finds it impossible to conceal his feelings, let him conceal his feet. The audience will never know the difference) : Sciatica dyspepsia nazimova. Skinni debiliti.

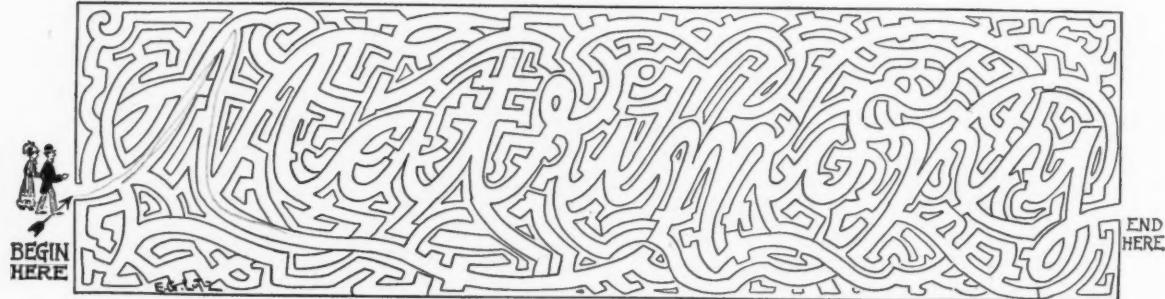
WAITA (railing at him. Any ordinary balcony railing will do) : Crocus alias hippotamus. (A bum is fired into the camp. Waita immediately fires him out again.)

BANANAMAN (dropping his voice, which breaks badly) : Superbas phillis yankis. Hanswagna tycob cyung.

MASHA (with Thanksgiving. This must be done carefully, as Thanksgiving generally means death to Turks) : Shiva bokhara kish kelim cashmere barndoar.

BANANAMAN
 WASHTUB
 CASARET
 WAITA } (with one accord apiece) : Less nockorf.
 } (They march out, singing the native
 } Belascan hymn.)

Tout le monde fait cela,
 Fait cela, fait cela.
 Tout le monde le fait maintenant.



Cupid's Maze

SEE WHAT IT SPELLS

A PUZZLE THAT ANY ONE CAN SOLVE. (See page 2542)



ENGAGED
(WEDDING, MARCH 4, 1913)



"The Rivals" Revived and a Case of Injustice



LENDER support has been given by the New York general public to the creditable performances of the organization known as Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company. This would not have been so if every one who delights in denouncing the theatre's present condition of degeneracy had gone only once and given the encouragement of his or her presence and patronage to this worthy effort. In that case the little Thirty-ninth Street Theatre would have been insufficient in seating capacity and its diminutive box-office would have been running over with cash.

In spite of some mistakes the undertaking is not a total failure financially, and has many agreeable aspects on the artistic side. It was evidently bad policy for the organization to include "Much Ado About Nothing" among its earlier productions. It was too big an undertaking for the strength of the company and high standards were too fresh in the memory of the public. There are several of the classic comedies comparatively easy of performance, and which are almost novelties to the present generation of theatregoers. Had "She Stoops to Conquer," which made an excellent impression, been followed immediately by one of these or by "The Rivals," now running, the fickle public might have got the habit of patronizing the plays instead of having what tendencies it manifested chilled by "Much Ado."

The choice of Mr. Frank Reicher as leading man was another error. This is not by any means intended to convey that Mr. Reicher is not a good actor in parts that suit his temperament, but unfortunately he cannot be adapted to the leading rôles of English comedy. In seriously romantic characters, yes, but he lacks the dash and vigor of the full-blooded young Englishman. Annie Russell's own rather pathetic tinge needs the foil of an opposite and more sanguine type. Mr. Westley is also lacking in romantic elegance. The failure to secure the right material for these juvenile characters is perhaps not so much a fault of this organization as a confirmation of the belief that we are not educating our younger actors.

* * * * *

IN "The Rivals," as in the other plays, the deficiencies are more notable among the younger actors than among their seniors. Neither the Captain Jack Absolute of Mr. Reicher nor the Faulkland of Mr. Westley were in the comedy key, and the Sir Lucius

O'Trigger of Mr. Percy Lyndal was absolutely lacking in the rollicking Irish bravado which has always made the part a telling one in the hands of almost any comedian. *Lydia Languish* is not a vastly important character in the play and offered few difficulties to an artist of the experience and personal charm of Annie Russell.

It is among the elders that "The Rivals" in this exposition finds its best interpretation. The Bob Acres of Mr. George Giddens is a joy indeed. Of course he has to contend in the minds of many of us with the Jefferson impersonation, fortified as that is by the advantage of being an early impression, as well as by its unquestioned perfections. Even so, perhaps Mr. Giddens is truer to the type in the country whence *Bob Acres* sprung, and any presentation of "The Rivals" is fortunate which can count on so good a cowardly *Bob*. The Sir Anthony Absolute of Mr. Fred W. Permain confirms the good impression made by his *Squire Harkaway*, from which it is wonderfully well differentiated. The sureness and authority with which Ffolliott Paget played *Mrs. Malaprop* were most enjoyable in these days of colorless and uncertain methods.

Lauders of *tempora acta* and the palmy days need not hesitate to see this production of "The Rivals." They will enjoy it in the present, and it will give them opportunities for self-satisfactory comparison. The younger generation who have never seen this example of Sheridan's wit and humor should also see it, if for no other reason than to restore their respect for their elders' judgment about the plays of earlier days. And those who do go will be able to silence the superior ones who prate about the decadence of the stage by asking in way of repartee whether the superior one had taken the trouble to see any of the Annie Russell performances.

—————

THE courts, at present writing, have not decided whether the police were within their powers in prohibiting the first Sunday evening performance of the Stage Society of New York, which was eventually given before the society and its friends by the subterfuge of having it begin immediately after midnight on the next Sunday.

Although, on utilitarian grounds and having in view the best interests of stage art, LIFE is opposed to opening the theatres Sundays, the action of the police authorities in this



THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN



MRS. BLUEBEARD

matter raises a question of simple justice. If the police were right in this case they are knowingly permitting any number of violations of the law in the vaudeville theatres and music halls every Sunday of the year. In that event the proper course for the Stage Society is not to go to the courts, but to secure a stronger pull with Mayor Gaynor, Commissioner Waldo and their policemen.

If the police are wrong in the case of the Stage Society then there's no reason why every theatre in New York shouldn't be thrown open to the public every Sunday evening and all distinction in theatrical matters between Sundays and week-days be entirely abolished. As it is, there's rank injustice somewhere.



MR. CHARLES FROHMAN engaged a company and troubled them to produce for one matinée at the Criterion a play called "Chains," which had been Americanized by Mr. Porter Emerson Browne from an English play of the same name by Elizabeth Baker. The play is of the school of discontent which flourishes among certain English high-brows. The discontent in this play was all retained, the Americanizing process being evidently confined to enlarging the comic relief. The comic relief was the best thing about the piece, and was admirably supplied by Messrs. Edwin Nicander and Robert Fisher. Why Mr. Frohman should have imported the rest of it, even for a single matinée, is and will probably ever remain a Frohmanian mystery.

Metcalfe.



Astor.—"Hawthorne of the U. S. A." Mr. Douglass Fairbanks having a whole lot of American fun with the Balkans.

Belasco.—"Years of Discretion," by Frederick and Fanny Locke Hatton. Notice later.

Broadway.—"The Red Petticoat." Helen Lowell as the star of a fairly amusing musical farce.

Casino.—One week of Harry Lauder in vaudeville bill.

Century.—Last fortnight of "The Daughter of Heaven." Spectacular Chinese drama by Pierre Loti.

Children's.—"Racketty-Packety House." Notice later.

Cohan's.—"Broadway Jones." Farcical comedy of the day. Laughable and well acted.

Comedy.—"Fanny's First Play." Witty and satirical drive at the British Philistine by Mr. George Bernard Shaw. Well acted.

Cort.—"Peg o' My Heart," by Mr. Hartley Manners and with Laurette Taylor as the star. Notice later.

Criterion.—Mr. Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case" Notice later.

Daly's.—"The Question." Notice later.

Eltinge.—"Within the Law." Interesting and well acted American melodrama dealing with some very pertinent social problems.

Empire.—Maude Adams in Mr. Barrie's delightful child play, "Peter Pan." Neither play nor performance at this late day needs any panegyric.

Forty-eighth Street.—Mr. William Collier in "Never Say Die." The play doesn't matter. Mr. Collier is the essential fact. Funny.

Fulton.—"The Yellow Jacket." A most entertaining and amusing demonstration of how the Chinese do things dramatic.

Gaiety.—"Stop Thief!" by Mr. Carlyle Moore. Notice later.

Garden.—Mr. John E. Keller in "Hamlet." The old question of not how well he does it, but how he does it at all.

Garrick.—"The Conspiracy," by John Roberts. Notice later.

Globe.—"The Lady of the Slipper." Elsie Janis and Messrs. Montgomery and Stone in an amusing version of "Cinderella" turned into an up-to-date musical show.

Hippodrome.—"Under Many Flags." Spectacular stage pictures of foreign scenes with ballet and music.

Hudson.—Mrs. Fiske in "The High Road," by Mr. Edward Sheldon. The woman as woman in politics. Well acted and interesting American drama.

Knickerbocker.—"Oh! Oh! Delphine." Tuneful and well presented musical show.

Little.—Afternoons, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Prettily staged fairy play for children.

Lyceum.—"The Mind-the-Paint Girl." Last week of Mr. Pinero's well acted drama of the relations between the British nobility and the ladies of musical comedy in London.

Lyric.—Mme. Trentini in "The Firefly." Unusually well sung comic opera with unusually good music.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Whip." Impressive London melodrama with elaborate stage effects.

Maxine Elliott's.—"Hindle Wakes." Interesting and well acted sex problem play.

Moulin Rouge.—"Ziegfeld's Follies." Girl-and-music show of more than usual vapidity.

Park.—"Miss Princess," with Lina Abarbanel and Robert Warwick. Notice later.

Playhouse.—"Little Women." Louisa M. Alcott's famous picture of girl life in New England turned into pleasing stage representation.

Republic.—Last fortnight of "The Governor's Lady." Reasonably interesting drama of American life with Emma Dunn in the title part.

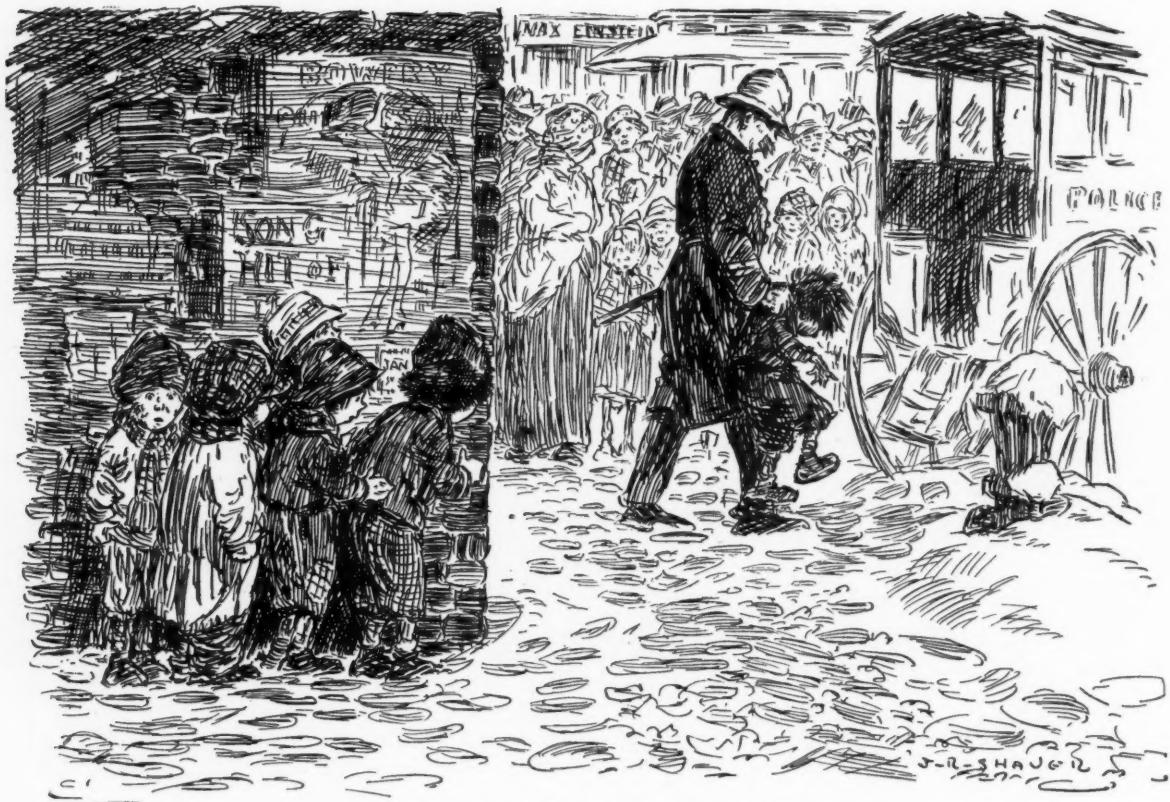
Thirty-ninth Street.—Annie Russell's company in "The Rivals." See above.

Weber and Fields Music Hall.—"Roly Poly." Weber and Fields reunited in a not entirely successful effort to revive the glories of their former successes.

Winter Garden.—Gertrude Hoffmann, in "Broadway to Paris." Spectacular and abundant girl and rag-time show.



A LONG, LONG TIME



"GEE, FELLERS! I HOPE BILLY WON'T GO AN' TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE"

Hail Alabama

ALABAMA'S only claim to fame does not consist in its being first in the alphabetical list of States. Alabama is also the first among States in the number of her children who are engaged in daily toil. She manages to keep over 120,000 of her children under sixteen employed at gainful occupations. This is forty-five per cent. of all the children that Alabama possesses.

The next State in line of percentages is North Carolina—but why rob Alabama of its supremacy by even hinting that it has emulators?

Go to it, Alabama. We shall look in on you a few years from now and see how this rising generation has turned out.

FIRST HOSPITAL SURGEON: I have just persuaded my old friend Bobbins to send his wife here for treatment.

SSECOND HOSPITAL SURGEON: What's the trouble with her?

"Nothing special; but she is a dandy subject to experiment upon."



ADVICE TO FATHERS

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

Widows

EVERY little widow has a meaning all her own. The idea that widows are made, not born, is a mistake. Every widow is born to be a widow. Marriage only fits her for her occupation.

Some widows are widows only occasionally; others pursue widowhood as a permanent vocation; they are not really happy unless they are grieving over some deceased husband.

There is a peculiar joy about loving a widow which can only be defined by the initiated. With the right kind of a widow, innocence and modesty have only been intensified, while experience has been added to both, and romance and sympathy enfold one like a mantle.

Never, however, marry a widow from your own home town; always take one at a distance. No widow is without power save in her own country.

It is better, also, in marrying a widow not to have known her husband. It is always hard to describe a perfect man to one who knows him.

A widow maketh the heart glad, she

sheddeth joy in the waste places and causeth the home to echo peace and contentment.

This is especially true if she be a wealthy widow and owneth the home in her own right.

This being the case, do not attempt to take it away from her. Be happy in using it in her name.

Always, indeed, make a point to live within the income of the widow you marry. Remember, that her former husband has worked hard to put you where you are.

Manners Make a Difference

THE picture of Governor Cole Blease defying the Constitution in the House of Governors caused more amusement than consternation. Governor Blease, being an ass, invited the Constitution to go to hell. More polite persons take off their hats to it, and insert a hatpin in the region of its heart. Not much is made of that so long as the assailant's manners are good.



He: AH, DARLING, MAY I BE YOUR CAPTAIN AND GUIDE YOUR BARK DOWN THE SEA OF LIFE?

The widow: NO; BUT YOU CAN BE MY SECOND MATE.

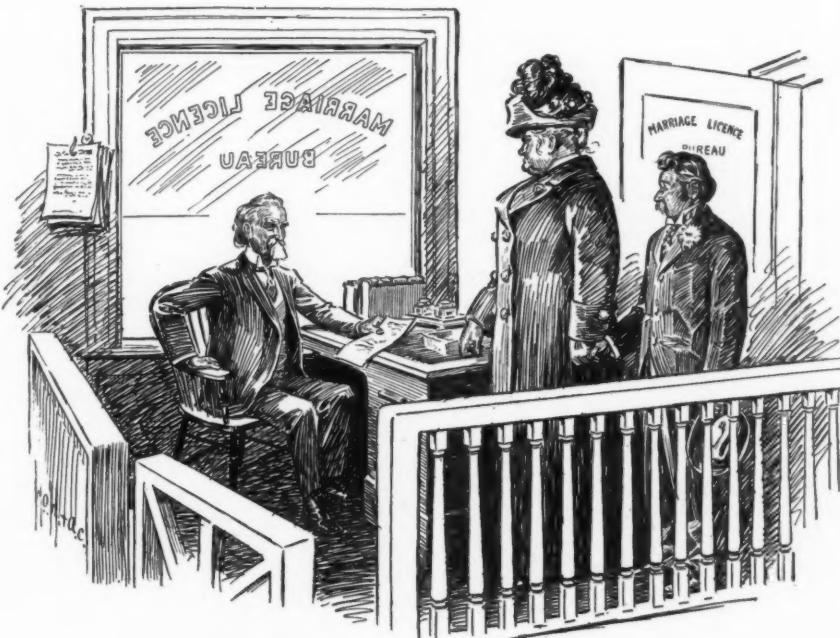
Peace, Be Up and Doing!

WHY not declare peace? Since the idea of peace was advertised by the Emperor of Russia several years ago we have had wars between Japan and Russia, between South Africa and England, between America and Spain, between Mexico and herself, between Italy and Turkey, and now there is one between the Balkan states and the Turks.

All this is purely incidental.

In the meantime, capital and labor have always been at war, and so have men and their wives. Time wars against Love and every man is battling with himself. Babies are ravaged by the medical profession, and the medical profession is at war with truth. Householders are at war with politicians, and art is at war with realism. Imagination is fighting in the last ditch against materialism; and delicate fancy and sentiment, still carrying aloft their silken banners, are bravely keeping up a show of resistance.

Servants are at war with their masters; and women, between kisses, war with each other. Everything is war.



Justice of the Peace: GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, WIDDER. YE'RE QUITE A STRANGER

LIFE



Widows

•LIFE•



Oscar Wilde

Widows



CONFIDENTIAL BOOK GUIDE



A Man in the Open, by Roger Pocock. The career of a Labrador waif as sailor, cowboy, hermit and hero of melodrama.

By-Paths in Collecting, by Virginia Robie. The latest, and not the least interesting, addition to the literature of antiques. A round-up of collectible odds and ends.

Daddy-Long-Legs, by Jean Webster. A one-sided correspondence between a precocious orphan and a charitable trustee. An effervescent little love story.

The Flaw in the Crystal, by May Sinclair. The story of a grounded wire in a telepathic circuit. A remarkable handling of an elusive theme.

The Flowing Road, by Caspar Whitney. River travels in South America. Canoeing in the Amazonian jungles. Exploring the upper Orinoco. Interesting reading.

The Inn of Tranquillity, by John Galsworthy. See next page.

A Journey to Ohio in 1810, by Margaret Van Horn. An "historical document" from the Yale University Press. A girl's diary that gives us naive glimpses of an earlier time.

Marriage, by H. G. Wells. A fine story that "solves" no world problems, but that places us in confidential relations with an honest man who is trying to work out his share of one.

Mrs. Lancelot, by Maurice Hewlett. The tangled relations of a prig, a peer, a pale lady and a mad poet. A story in

which fine parts almost redeem a poor whole.

The Midlanders, by Charles Tenney Jackson. How the insurgent spirit came to Iowa, as well as some more romantic matters.

Roddles, by B. Paul Neuman. A bit of family history from lower middle-class London. A careful and workman-like brew that ought to have plenty of "head," but that fails to foam in the glass.

Twice Around the World, by Edgar Allen Forbes. A lively account of a cruise on the *Cleveland*. Perpetuating the personally conducted—a work of supererogation.

Valserine and Other Stories, by Margaret Audoux. A few nice but negligible oddments of description made to do duty as a come-back by the author of "Marie Claire."

The Wind Before the Dawn, by Dell H. Munger. Pioneer feminism on the Western prairie. A big-hearted, motherly tale, with seeing-Kansas digressions.

A Woman of Genius, by Mary Austin. An occasionally labored, but frequently interesting, piece of feminine self-explanation.

Your United States, by Arnold Bennett. A volume of entertaining chit-chat—always tactful and occasionally witty—about us and ours from the standpoint of him and his.

Putting the Gall in Galsworthy

IT appears to be one of the critical fads of the moment to regard John Galsworthy as a bitter pill.

He is, one sees it variously declared, a crafty cynic; a guileful player of both ends against the middle; a philosophical straddle-bug; a sociological trimmer, alternately exacerbating the stand-patters by the pin points of his dainty iconoclasms, and chilling the idealogues by the poured ice water of his dinky commonsense. Which is a very serious-sounding indictment unless we paraphrase it by saying that he is in so far and in such quarters a nuisance that when he is around one can neither snore in conservative comfort nor dream Utopian day-dreams undisturbed.

At first the author of "The Man of Property" and "The Country House" was regarded with patronizing approval as a new writer with a quick eye for character, a nice gift of irony and an artistic conscience. Then, as "Fraternity" was followed by "The Patrician," and an insidious suspicion gained ground that the writer of them meant something more by them than was actually put into words, this patronizing approval began to be replaced by distrust. Was this dealer in innuendos and driver home of inferences merely a poet to be despised, or actually an anarchist to keep an eye upon?

Then Mr. Galsworthy took to writing drama, and as "Strife" was generally looked upon as a well intended and innocuous attempt to play the peacemaker between capital and labor, and "Justice" made a huge hit through being regarded as a campaign document for prison reform, their author was patted on the back, called a fine fellow and relieved from observation as a suspicious character.

And then he went and wrote "The Pigeon"!

Now a man may, without getting himself into any more serious difficulties than an occasional argument, hold that anything that is right, and that only they are wrong who try to change it; or that everything that is



"YES, MY LATE HUSBAND LEFT ME HIS ENTIRE FORTUNE, BUT—

I LOSE IT all IF I REMARRY"



SEEDS OF REBELLION

is wrong, and that only he has the formula for righting it. But woe to the man who sees ever so dimly and makes others see ever so momentarily that as life is alive and formulæ are formulæ, they do not and never will quite fit each other. And since this is what, in its delicious linking of disconcertions, "The Pigeon" tricks us into recognizing, it is small wonder that to the outraged dogmatists of both camps Mr. Galsworthy has become as a small boy's finger dipped in aloes. They cannot keep him out of their mouths, but he is bitter to their tongues.

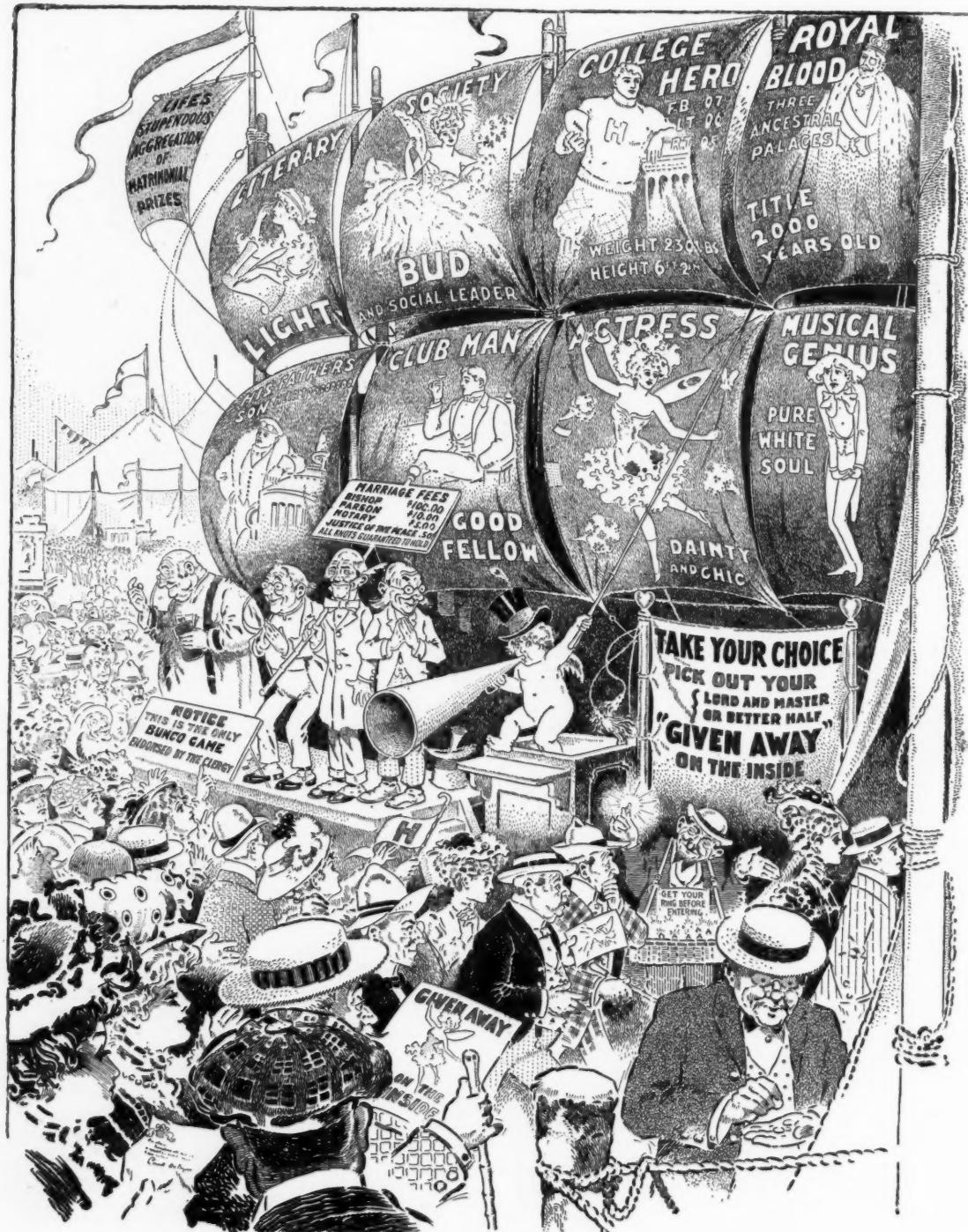
But do not let us take these bickerings too seriously. They adorn the reviews, but they have nothing to do with reading Mr. Galsworthy. Unless you happen to be a rabid reactionary, a reformatory fanatic or

an analytical critic, you will find yourself enjoying the descriptions, discussions, reminiscences and self-communings gathered into "The Inn of Tranquillity" (Scribners, \$1.30), with never a suspicion that you are hobnobbing with a hobgoblin. Indeed so exquisite is the artistry of some of these little papers, and so intimately familiar to our own lives are the emotions, to us inexpressible, that are here so perfectly expressed, that we even find ourselves, for a few moments at a time, forgetting the formulæ by which we think we live in a realization of the impulses that guide our lives. And reactionaries, reformers and critics to the contrary notwithstanding, this is a sort of air bath for the soul that ought to be included in every system of spiritual hygiene.

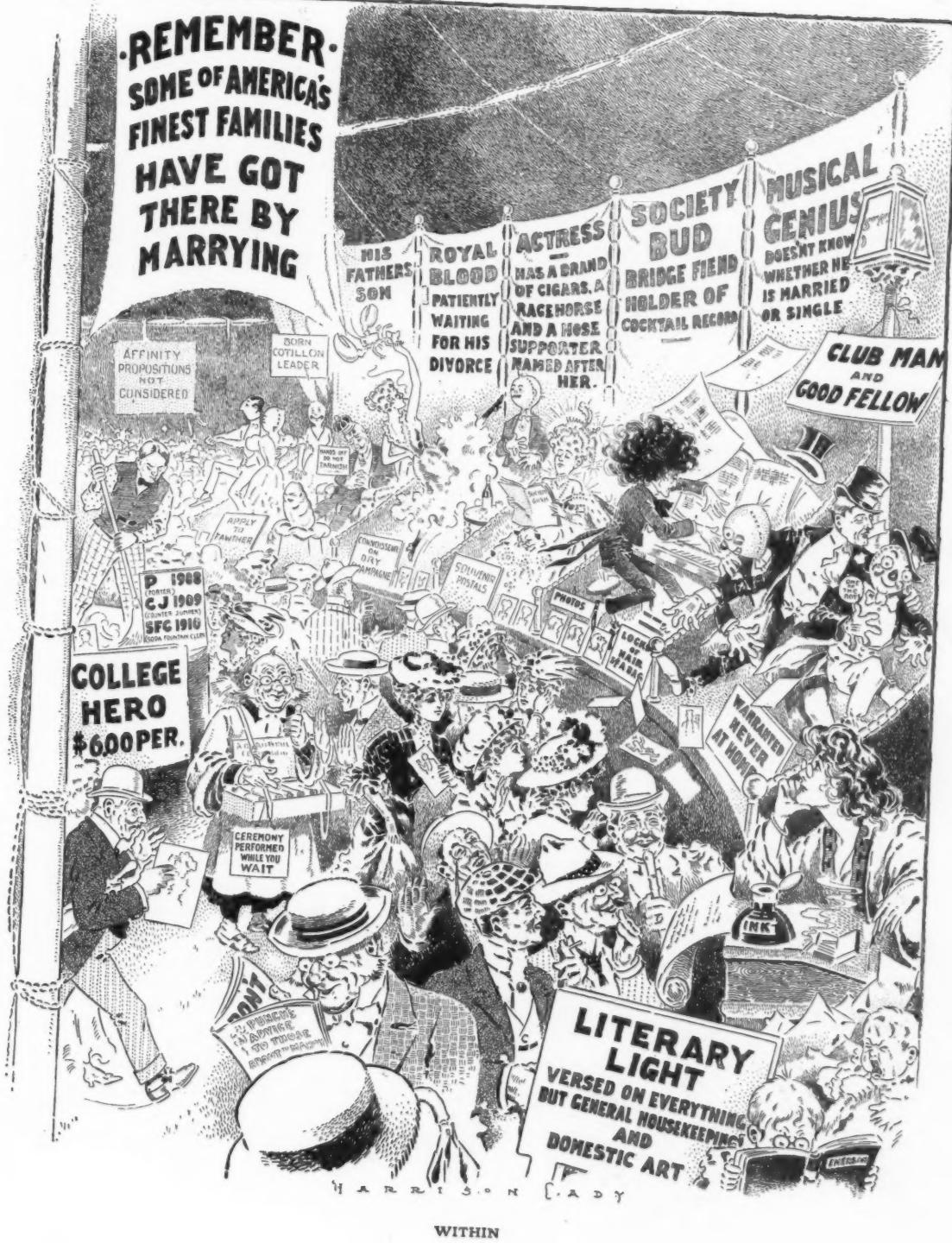
J. B. Kerfoot.



LORDS AND LADIES OF CREATION
WHAT A PIECE OF WORK IS MAN!



LIFE'S MATRIMONIAL SIDE SHOW WITHOUT AND—



The Plain Duty of Surgeons

A RICH surgeon, who the *New York Times* says is so "eminent" that for obvious reasons his name is not signed to his communication, writes to the *Times* as follows:

Every operation of a certain kind justifies a fee of \$50,000. If a man cannot pay it I make him a present of the difference between that amount and what he can pay comfortably.

The inexorable logic of this statement is apparently limited only by the doctor's imagination. If \$50,000, why not a million? Assuming that the mere satisfaction of being alive is all that any human being has a right to expect, then if an operation saves a man's life, he ought at once to turn over all of his property to the surgeon.

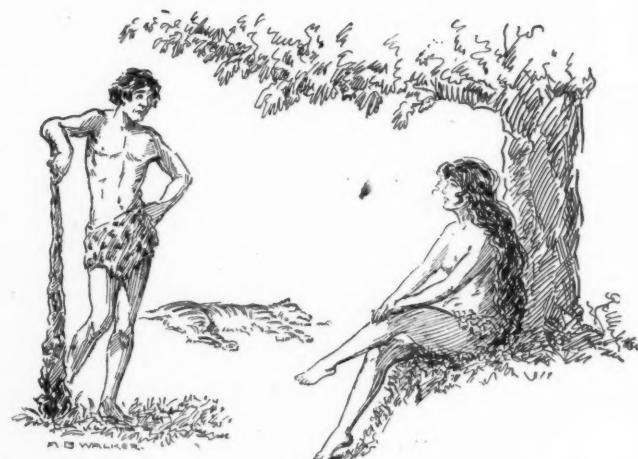
There are undoubtedly merits to this view of the case. For one thing, it enables the surgeon to get along with a few operations. Two or three among millionaires would set a man on his feet at once. Besides, to increase the mortality among millionaires is a duty every surgeon owes to his country.

Without abrogating our own sense of modesty, however, might we timidly suggest that, to be perfectly fair, the surgeon ought to be made to pay correspondingly for his failures.

So far as his obligation is concerned, the reputation or standing of the modern surgeon is not damaged by the sudden death of the patient. On the contrary, in many cases it may be positively enhanced. "The man died," says the world, "but consider how much more lingering and commonplace and obscure his death would have been had he not obtained the services of the celebrated Dr. ——."

To be able to employ the celebrated Dr. —— is, in itself, a badge of distinction. At present, however, if you happen to die under his knife, there is no money left by means of which your heirs can enjoy all the privileges and social advantages which come to them through your employment of Dr. ——. The celebrated doctor, by performing his operation, has raised them to another plane, and then taken all their money. What he should do—in case of death—is to give the family the means to benefit by his contact with the deceased. This is what we may term the true spirit of professional etiquette.

But still more. If the surgeon who has learned his trade—for, of course, we know that no surgeon to-day ever experiments upon his patients—succeeds in getting paid in proportion to the value which the patient himself places upon his own life, then we are philanthropic and human enough to wish that this principle might be extended to include other workmen.



DO BE CAREFUL, ADAM DEAR, WHEN HUNTING.
IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU I WOULD BE A
WIDOW FOREVER

The railroad switchman, for example—who, like the surgeon, has had to learn his trade—should be paid in proportion to the lives he succeeds in saving by opening and shutting his switches properly. He should get at least \$50,000 for every millionaire saved in this manner, and for others in proportion. It is useless to argue that he is doing only his plain duty and that this duty is worth only about \$75 a month. Every surgeon who operates is doing his duty. He even admits it himself.

Business is Safe

B E not angry with Congress about the parcels post that it gave us.

Congress was inspired by sincere and lofty motives.

Congress was confronted with the difficult task of instituting a reform without injuring business.

The particular business that was in danger of injury in this case was the express business.

The express companies intimate that they are satisfied with the parcel post.

Therefore, the express business is not injured.

Therefore, Congress has shown itself to be keen, practical and wizardous by doing a supposedly impossible thing.

Matrimony

(See page 2530)



WE PRINT NO NAMES, BUT A CERTAIN WOMAN IS GOING TO HAVE A NEW FIGURE BEFORE SUNDOWN



THE Americans are a natural race of hero-worshippers. From the days of Admiral Dewey and Jim Jeffries to the present era of Ty Cobb and the Colonel we have steadily insisted upon exalting certain individuals into a limelighted sphere in which they are seemingly unhampered by any ordinary human attributes. The most idealized and the most enigmatical of these heroes of publicity are undoubtedly the musical virtuosos.

* * *

IN the old days it was considered necessary that a musician should, by his appearance and manner, emphasize the difference between himself and everyday mortals. Paganini frankly resorted to trickery of all kinds in order to stage his violin-playing more effectively. To-day, however, the virtuoso must be given credit for attempting at least to appear as normal as possible in the face of constant publicity. The vogue of the long-haired, cadaverous-looking, eccentric genius is past, and the majority of the modern soloists give the impression of complete and business-like respectability. In view of this praiseworthy tendency, the attitude of our habitual concert-goers is all the more surprising. For not only do they refuse to consider the musical genius in the light of an ordinary mortal, but they actually insist that, aside from his music, he shall be in some way distinctly different.

* * *

AVIRTUOSO can no longer acquire a "following" unless he possesses what is vaguely called a "personality," and if he is unwilling to exhibit this "personality" in his hair or his clothes or his features he must reveal it in some other way. Consequently we have to-day as many varieties of "personality" and hence of interpretation as there are soloists on the concert stage. Ysaye, for example, adds considerably to his impressiveness by his attitude of paternal solicitude both toward his violin and his music. Mischa Elman, on the other hand, clings desperately to the character of the youthful prodigie which was rightly his when he first appeared in America. Titta Ruffo, the new Italian baritone, stakes everything upon giving the impression of tremendous power, knowing well that his hearers will care little for the artistic details of his singing so long as he utters plenty of robust and resonant high tones.

* * *

PRACTICALLY every virtuoso now before the American public is forced into some similar absurdity. The fault, however, is not with the musicians, but with the hearers. We have ceased to regard a piece of music as the definite creation of a composer, worthy of being heard for its own sake. Rather do we look on it merely as the medium for

displaying the ability and the originality of a certain performer. Our hero-worship has overpowered our appreciation of music as such, and the modern concert stage has become, in place of a medium of art, an exploiter of personality.

Sigmund Spaeth

Bravo, Scotti!

AT a recent performance of "Pagliacci" at the Metropolitan Opera House Mr. Antonio Scotti, baritone extraordinary, appeared for his time-honored prologue in conventional evening dress. Needless to say, the management was greatly upset by this breach of operatic etiquette, yet the audience seemed on the whole quite satisfied with Mr. Scotti's costume and exhibited even more enthusiasm than usual over his singing.

Mr. Scotti's estimate of the spirit of his listeners was thus proved entirely correct. They had come not to hear the music of Leoncavallo, nor to follow the dramatic scenes of his poignant clown-tragedy, but to revel in the robust tones and the emotional exaggerations of Mr. Scotti and his lachrymose colleague, Mr. Caruso. Whether these gentlemen appeared in costume or not made little difference, for illusion is the last thing desired by the average opera-goer.

Moreover, when a singer has once been placed firmly upon the pedestal of American approbation he can afford to discard all traditions and conventions and be purely and simply himself. Mr. Scotti looks well in a dress suit and is aware of that fact. Let him wear it, therefore, and be happy! On the other hand, Mr. Caruso never seems quite so natural or so much at his ease as when he dons the costume of Canio, the clown.

Life's Musical Calendar

Wednesday, December 25, Metropolitan Opera House.—Special Christmas matinee at popular prices. Humperdinck's "Hänsel und Gretel" and the first act of the automaton ballet "Coppelia," with Adeline Genée, the dancer.

Evening.—The season's first performance of Gounod's "Faust," with Miss Farrar and Mr. Slezak in the leading roles.

Thursday, December 26, Metropolitan Opera House.—A musical relaxation after the excitement of Christmas Day.

Carnegie Hall (2.15 P. M.).—The Oratorio Society in its traditional Christmas performance of Händel's "Messiah."

Evening.—The Philharmonic Orchestra, with Ernest Schelling, the American pianist.

Friday, December 27, Metropolitan Opera House.—Continuation of the operatic holiday bill.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—A repetition of Thursday's programme by the Philharmonic Orchestra.

Saturday, December 28, Metropolitan Opera House.—Week-end matinee performance by Mr. Gatti-Casazza's troupe.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Joint recital by Ysaye and Godowsky. A programme of compositions for violin and piano presented by a pair of extraordinary virtuosos.

Evening.—A repetition of Handel's "Messiah" by the Oratorio Society.

Sunday, December 29, Metropolitan Opera House.—The only concert in New York which at all approaches to the "sacred" character prescribed by the law.

Carnegie Hall (Afternoon).—Concert by the Philharmonic Orchestra, with Josef Lhevinne, the Russian pianist, as soloist.

Aeolian Hall (Afternoon).—Song recital by Sophie Traubman.



All-Year-Around Service

TO GET full value from your motor car, you should select one which is suitable for all-the-year-round service.

Abbott-Detroit automobiles are.

In the first place, they are driven by powerful Continental motors which have sufficient reserve power to meet all emergencies.

Each unit conveying the power from the fly wheel to the wheels is an equally efficient mechanical device. Practically no power is lost.

THE CLUTCH

The clutch which is of dry, multiple disc type is composed of 17 steel discs, each alternate one faced with a combination of copper wire mesh and asbestos which will not burn.

When this clutch is operated, there is a total absence of all gripping, jarring and jumping, the motor taking hold gradually but firmly.

Owing to the large amount of friction surface, this clutch is most efficient and may be slipped without harm or excessive wear.

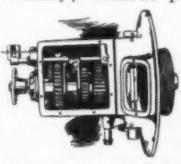
Those who have driven cars through heavy mud and winter snows, know how valuable is this ability.

Another thing, in the cone clutch, the revolving part attached to the transmission is so large and heavy that the inertia of such a mass of metal tends to keep the clutch in motion and renders it almost impossible to shift the gears readily; without producing that clashing and rasping noise so disagreeable to the occupant of the car and others nearby.

In the multiple disc clutch, however, this inertia is reduced to a minimum and the gears may be shifted while the speed of the car is being reduced or accelerated, without the attendant disagreeable and deteriorating effects.

It wears very little and seldom requires adjustment.

*Interior
of Flywheel
Case Showing
Multiple Disc Clutch.*



*Transmission and Clutch
Unit with Inspection
Covers off.*

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 is being printed in serial form. This is the sixth of the series. The seventh will appear in Saturday Evening Post January 18, 1913, Collier's Weekly January 11, Life January 9, Literary Digest January 4. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

THE TRANSMISSION

The transmission which is of the three-speed forward and reverse sliding gear type, is situated just behind the clutch and its case is bolted direct to the engine crank case, so that the whole power plant forms one unit.

The main shaft and countershaft gears, the faces of which are 1" in width, $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wider than those usually used in other cars of this class, are made of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. nickel steel, very accurately machined, ground and mounted upon Timken roller bearings.

The transmission and clutch case is oil and dust-proof and the gears and shafts run in a specially prepared lubricating compound.

If desired, the interior of the transmission case may be easily inspected, by the removal of the top cover plate.

The Abbott-Detroit transmission is one of the most compact and efficient change speed gears that has ever been placed in a motor car.

It has been built for severe service and for that reason will be found to be particularly adapted for hard winter use, when, on account of the changing character of the road it is necessary to shift gears often.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence
and Guaranteed for Life

OTHER DETAILS

Some other things should be mentioned as important for your consideration when buying a car which you expect to drive the year round.

There should be ample road clearance, an absence of projecting parts below the frame, a protected steering gear, wide flaring fenders, snugly fitted to the body so that no water or slush can get through, provision for entirely en-slung $\frac{3}{4}$ Elliptic Scroll Springs, closing all moving parts including brakes, well-finished and upholstered bodies, close fitting wind shields and tops equipped with Jiffy Curtains, well fitted doors of clean cut design, free from places in which mud and slush can collect.

Abbott-Detroit cars are admirably suited to give all-the-year-round service.

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Electric Lighting
Standard Equipment
on all Models.**

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what is claimed for itself."

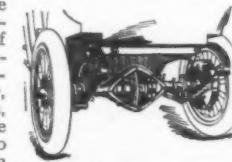
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44-50 Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	\$2150
44-50 7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	\$3050

Advanced Catalog on request.

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
615 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan



• LIFE •

Such a Careful Senator

IN a recent article upon the parcels post, Senator Bourne gives us an insight into how he arrived at the proper rates. He says:

"From the Second Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Stewart, it was learned that the actual cost of carrying fourth-class matter is approximately nine cents a ton per mile."

There is good reason for thinking this cost is too high, but, in order to shorten the argument, let us take Mr. Stewart's word for it. Then, to carry fourth-class matter, it costs about one-third of what it costs to carry humans, exclusive of baggage. Accordingly, on the basis of an average haul of a thousand to fifteen hundred miles, we should at present be paying four to six cents a pound, instead of sixteen cents.

But what did Senator Bourne do when he received this all-important figure from Mr. Stewart? He hunted around until he found a fifty-mile zone. He then computed that the cost of carrying a pound fifty miles would be about one-quarter of a cent. "In order to guard against any inaccuracies

or unforeseen costs," continues Senator Bourne's blunt explanation, "and because we cannot deal with fractions of a cent, I deemed it best to allow one cent a pound for transportation."

In other words, he multiplied Mr. Stewart's figure by four "in order to guard against inaccuracies or unforeseen costs." He must have had a lot of confidence in Mr. Stewart's figuring ability. "And because we cannot deal with fractions of a cent." Was that the only way he could think of to avoid the fractions? Oh, what a Senator! Most any schoolboy could have told him that he might avoid the fraction by quadrupling either his unit of distance, making it two hundred miles, or his unit of weight, making it four pounds, four pounds for one cent.

But Senator Bourne couldn't see it, although his investigations covered eleven months. Accordingly he fixed the charge of eleven cents for the transportation of eleven pounds in the fifty-mile zone. That was bad enough, but the august Senate, apparently having confidence in neither Senator Bourne nor Mr. Stewart, comes along and nearly doubles the figure that Senator Bourne has quadrupled, so that the original computed cost is multiplied by eight.

But the real joke is yet to come. All this figuring is done as if all the parcels in the fifty-mile zone would be carried fifty miles, whereas half of fifty miles is more than a fair average haul. This has the effect of again doubling the rate, making the charge for carrying parcels under the new arrangement sixteen times as much as it costs to carry fourth-class matter. Or, to put it another way, the government is to charge six times as much per pound for carrying parcels as the railroads charge for carrying humans, exclusive of baggage, or, including luggage, about ten times as much. It would certainly seem that the Senate, under the expert guidance of Senator Bourne, had taken every possible precaution to guard against inaccuracies and avoid using fractions of a cent.

Ellis O. Jones.

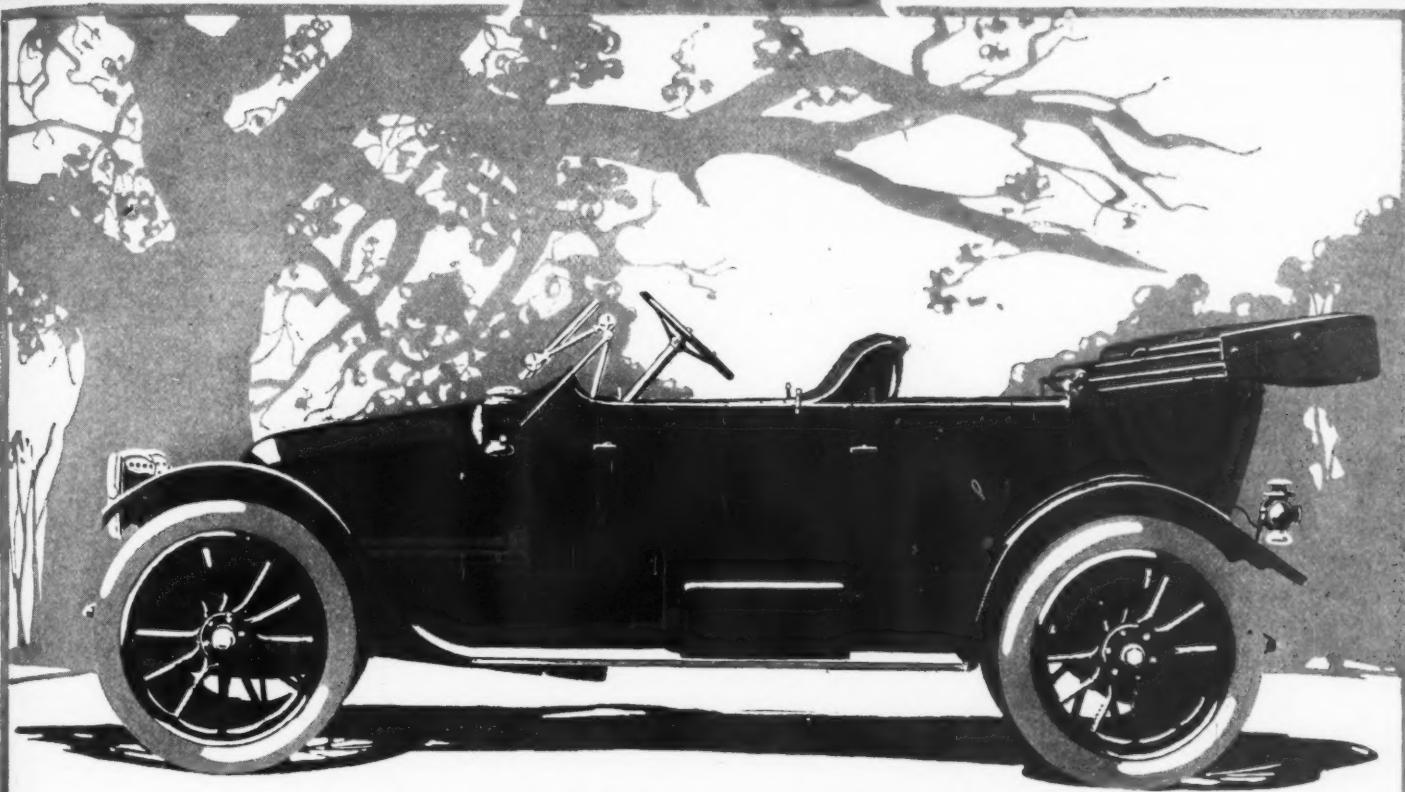


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power, without any action on the part of the driver.

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Doing the Abbey

Two Americans approached Westminster Abbey in London.

"What's that?" asked one.

"Westminster Abbey."

"Have we got to see it?"

"Sure!"

"Well, you go inside and I'll go round the outside, and we can be done with it in three minutes."

—*Saturday Evening Post.*

Talents for the Law

"I'm certain, William," she began
"When Johnny grows to be a man,
And his mind's bias finds expression,
He'll choose the medical profession.
Last night I noticed, at the table,
How thoughtfully he cautioned Mabel
About the hurtfulness of pie."
"His talents," William answered, "lie,
Judging from what I heard and saw,
Rather along the lines of law:
Though all he told her might be true,
He ate his pie and Mabel's too."

—*Lippincott's.*



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—*Argonaut.*



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TACT

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TAKING A SHORT CUT

The Passing of the Christmas Stocking

For the passing of the Christmas stocking the steam-heated house has been unduly blamed. True, the lack of chimney facilities increased the difficulties of Santa's work, but so long as a stocking hung there to be filled he generally managed somehow, even though he had to sneak in disguised as Father, with the presents under his coat. The fact is, the stocking, for Christmas purposes, has become inadequate. Only a Taftian trouser-leg would hold what the modern family expects to receive.

Pink-striped stick candy, nuts, oranges, a tin horn, or a very young doll-baby could be slipped into a stocking without straining it. But, if forced to swallow the pony-skin coat which Daughter

Established 1788

Carstairs Rye

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All due to Motz Cushion Tires, now adopted by every leading maker of electric cars.

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Motz Cushion Tires contain more costly rubber than the ordinary pneumatic tire



and cost a little more. But they are far less expensive in the end.

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Each set is specifically guaranteed for 10,000 miles—two years. That's almost double the usual tire guarantee.

1,000% Increase in Two Years

The use of these tires has multiplied just ten-fold in two years. The great majority of electric car owners use them and all leading makers of electrics include them as standard equipment.

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Motz Cushion Tires can be easily applied to any standard clincher, universal quick-detachable or demountable rim.

You'll regret it later if you buy an electric, or buy tires for an electric, without first knowing these tires. Send a postal today for our latest book. Then see if you know any other tire that's nearly so dependable, so durable, so economical and so easy-riding. Remember, the right choice of tires more than doubles the pleasure of motoring. Send specifications—name of car, model, size of rims, etc.

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wants, Son's motor-boat, or Mother's grand piano, the best guaranteed stocking is apt to spring a leak.

When stockings were made of woolen or cotton, even Mother found delving in the slim, dark depths fascinating. Each package was fingered and speculated over before being brought to the light. Alas, there can be no surprise concealed in a cobweb stocking: it was never intended to conceal anything.

In the stocking-hanging age a mother had leisure to indulge in such light and frivolous accomplishments as darning and mending. Now she may have, say,

a Greek drama club, a Mothers' Congress, a suffragette parade, and the writing of a paper on "The Effect of Schopenhauer Upon the Mind of the Igorotte," all in one week. With every week equally full of vitally important work, can she be blamed for tucking Tommy's heelless, toeless stockings under his crib where Santa Claus can't see them?

The time-honored custom of hanging up the Christmas stocking will eventually cease to be observed for lack of a stocking to hang up—nearly everybody wears hose these days.—*Lippincott's*.



Ballade of Smiles and Grouches

For all life's ills, says the optimist,
For all the trouble and all the care,
For every ailment that may exist
A cheerful smile is a tonic rare.
But when of trouble we get a share
That's much, we fancy, beyond our due.
To ease our feelings and clear the air
A grouchy grumble is helpful too.

This wicked world, says the moralist,
Would be so healthy and sweet and
fair
Were smiles the fashion, and we'd insist
A cheerful smile is a tonic rare.
But since the Devil himself may wear
The merry visage, and all his crew,
Perhaps as mark of the rude but
square,
A grouchy grumble is helpful too.

An answer soft, says the theorist,
Turns wrath away; and for strength
to bear
The menaced weight of the lifted fist
A cheerful smile is a tonic rare.
But when belligerent eyeballs glare
And threatening glances pierce you
through
What blessed comfort it is to swear!
A grouchy grumble is helpful too.

ENVOY

Ah! well for the good folk who declare
A cheerful smile is a tonic rare;
And yet for sinners like me and you
A grouchy grumble is helpful too.

—T. A. Daly, in *Evening Sun*.

"WELL, how's politics among the suf-
frageettes?"

"We threw kisses at Mrs. Wombat,
our candidate, for an hour and seven-
teen minutes."—*Washington Herald*.

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"Oh," said the young hopeful, "I know something that would be more courageous than that: Supposing there were twelve bishops in one bedroom, and one got into bed without saying his prayers!"—*Truth Seeker*.

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—*The Bailie (Glasgow)*.

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98 Federal St., Boston

His Car

"And what is that little building over there?" asked the visitor to Tompy's place.

"That? Oh, my wife calls that the garage," said Tompy.

"Oh—what is your car?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, that's a mirage," said Tompy.
—*Harper's Weekly*.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Juice makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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By Walt Kuhn

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"What's the use, anyway? Nothing but an egg
yesterday and a feather duster to-morrow"

By Mark Fenderson

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31 Street, New York

Addison on Widows

Being some account taken from Addison's Spectator, of a famous Club of Widows in which several specimens are tabulated.

"Sir, I am a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black fellow, and, as I thought, every way qualified for a rich widow; but after having tried my fortune for above three years together, I have not been able to get one single relict in the mind. My first attacks were generally successful, but always broke off as soon as they came to the word settlement. Though I have not improved my fortune this way, I have my experience, and have learnt several secrets which may be of use to those unhappy gentlemen who are commonly distinguished by the name of widow-hunters, and who do not know that this tribe of women are, generally speaking, as much upon the catch as themselves. I shall here communicate to you the mysteries of a certain female cabal of this order, who call themselves the Widow-club. This club consists of nine experienced dames, who take their places once a week round a large oval table.

I. Mrs. President is a person who has disposed of six husbands, and is now determined to take a seventh; being of opinion that there is as much virtue in the touch of a seventh husband as of a seventh son. Her comrades are as follows:

II. Mrs. Snap, who has four jointures, by four different bedfellows, of four different shires. She is at present upon the point of marriage with a Middlesex man, and is said to have an ambition of extending her possessions through all the counties in England on this side of Trent.

III. Mrs. Medlar, who, after two husbands and a gallant, is now wedded to an old gentleman of sixty. Upon her making her report to the club, she is still allowed to sit as a widow, and accordingly takes her place at the board.

IV. The widow of Quick, married within a fortnight after the death of her last husband. Her weeds have served her thrice, and are still as good as new.

V. Lady Catherine Swallow. She was a widow at eighteen, and has since buried a second husband and two coachmen.

VI. The Lady Waddle. She was married in the fifteenth year of her age to Sir Simon Waddle, knight, aged threescore and twelve, by whom she had twins. In the fifty-fifth year of her age she was married to James Spindle, Esq., a youth of one-and-twenty, who did not outlive the honeymoon.

VII. Deborah Conquest. The case of this lady is something particular. She is the relict of Sir Sampson Conquest, sometime justice of the quorum. Sir Sampson was seven foot high, and two foot in breadth from the tip of one shoulder to the other. He terrified the whole sex, who none of them durst venture on Sir Sampson. At length Mrs. Deborah undertook him, and gave so



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good an account of him that in three years' time she very fairly laid him out, and measured his length upon the ground. This exploit has gained her so great a reputation in the club that they have added Sir Sampson's three victories to hers, and give her the merit of a fourth widowhood; and she takes her place accordingly.

VIII. The widow Wildfire, relict of Mr. John Wildfire, fox-hunter, who broke his neck over a six-bar gate. She took his death so much at heart that it was thought it would have put an end to her life had she not diverted her sorrows by receiving the addresses of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who made love to her in the second month of her widowhood. This gentleman was discarded in a fortnight for the sake of a young templar, who had the possession of her for six weeks after, till he was beaten out by a brother officer, who likewise gave up his place to a gentleman at court. The courtier was as short-lived a favorite as his predecessors, but had the pleasure to see himself succeeded by a long series of lovers, who followed the widow Wildfire to the thirty-seventh year of her age, at which time there ensued a cessation of ten years, when John Felt, haberdasher, took it in his head to be in love with her, and it is thought will very suddenly carry her off.

IX. The last is pretty Mrs. Runnet, who broke her first husband's heart before she was sixteen, at which time she was entered of the club, but soon after left it upon account of a second, whom she made so quick a despatch of that she returned to her seat in less than a twelvemonth. This young matron is looked upon as the most rising member of the society, and will probably be in the president's chair before she dies.

"These ladies, upon their first resolution decided to give the pictures of their deceased husbands to the club-room; but two of them bringing in their dead at full length, they covered all the walls. Upon which they came to a second resolution, that every matron should give her own picture, and set it round with her husband's in miniature.

"They are often apt to commemorate their former partners with a tear. But ask them which of their husbands they condole they are not able to tell you, and discover plainly that they do not

The Great Novel of the Year 1913

The Custom of the Country

By Edith Wharton in
Scribner's Magazine

Mrs. Wharton's new novel "The Custom of the Country" begins in the January number of Scribner's Magazine.

No writer of modern fiction holds a more distinguished place than the author of "The House of Mirth," "Ethan Frome," "Madame de Treymes," "The Fruit of the Tree." These stories have shown her a wonderfully wide observer of life and a keen analyst of those influences of environment and training that make up the human equation, that lead to happiness or disappointment.

The new story will run through

the year. Like "The House of Mirth," it is a story of contemporary American social life, and it promises to be even more widely discussed than that famous story. The varied social strata of a great city like New York, where money and the power it gives appear the only way to the goal of the socially ambitious, the false standards that money establishes, the realization that what may be considered a fortune in a provincial city dwindles to a comparative pittance in a city of multimillionaires, the moral standards of a certain element of the very rich—offer material for a varied and absorbing drama to a writer of Mrs. Wharton's knowledge. The interest begins at once.

The heroine of the story is quite a different type from the much-talked-of *Lily Bart* of "The House of Mirth," and her career will be followed with even keener interest.

**DO NOT VISIT
THE PANAMA CANAL
Or the West Indies,**

without sending for the booklet of the 21-day limited cruises, Jan. 11 and Feb. 4, 1913, of the New Touring Steamship STEPHANO of the

RED CROSS LINE,
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weep so much for the loss of a husband as for the want of one.

"The principal rule by which the whole society are to govern themselves is this: To cry up the pleasures of a single life upon all occasions, in order to deter the rest of their sex from marriage, and engross the whole male world to themselves.

"They are obliged, when any one makes love to a member of the society, to communicate his name, at which time the whole assembly sit upon his reputation, person, fortune, and good-humor; and if they find him qualified for a sister of the club, they lay their heads together how to make him sure. By this means they are acquainted with all the widow hunters about town, who often afford them great diversion. There is an honest Irish gentleman, it seems, who knows nothing of this society, but at different times has made love to the whole club.

Their conversation often turns upon their former husbands, and it is very diverting to hear them relate their several arts and stratagems with which they amused the jealous, pacified the choleric, or wheedled the good-natured man, till at last, to use the club-phrase, they sent him out of the house with his heels foremost.

The politics which are most cultivated by this society of she-Machiavels relate chiefly to these two points: how to treat a lover, and how to manage a husband. As for the first set of artifices, they are too numerous to come within

An Important Water Color Exhibition of Scenes in Lower and Upper Egypt by the late Henry Bacon will be held at the Montross Galleries, 550 Fifth Ave., from December Eleventh to January First.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

the compass of your paper, and shall therefore be reserved for a second letter.

The management of a husband is built upon the following doctrines, which are universally assented to by the whole club: Not to give him his head at first. Not to allow him too great freedoms and familiarities. Not to be treated by him like a raw girl, but as a woman that knows the world. Not to lessen anything of her former figure. To celebrate the generosity or any other virtue of a deceased husband, which she would recommend to his successor. To turn away all his old friends and servants, that she may have the dear man to herself. To make him disinherit the undutiful children of any former wife. Never to be thoroughly convinced of his affection till he has made over to her all his goods and chattels.

"After so long a letter, I am, without more ceremony,

"Your humble servant, &c."

"MEN are always late. I have waited here since seven o'clock for my husband to come; now it is half after eight."

"And when were you to meet him?"
"At five o'clock."—*Lustige Blätter.*

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Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary, every-day sources.



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Rabies

When a dog, friendless and vagrant, hungry and thirsty, is found in the streets there is always ready a mob of boys and hoodlums to pursue it with sticks and stones, and to shout "mad dog." The persecuted animal takes everyone for an enemy and in the exercise of nature's defense and of dog nature bites some one. This act convicts him of rabies in the minds of the public on the absurd assumption that no dog ever bites unless he has this disease. In direct contradiction of this assumption take the experience of this society. For eighteen years its employees have been taking up homeless dogs from the streets of this city. During that time they have handled more than half a million dogs, among them, many thousands of those most likely, in their promiscuous mingling with others, to become infected. The men performing this duty have been bitten in the aggregate hundreds of times, but we have yet to know one case of hydrophobia or suspected hydrophobia among them. Dr. Hubert T. Foote, a well-known veterinarian and a specialist in canine diseases, told the writer some years ago at his place at New Rochelle, where he keeps large numbers of dogs, that he has been bitten many times, but with no serious results, and that he regarded such wounds as requiring only the ordinary treatment accorded to similar injuries from other causes.—*Bulletin of the A. S. P. C. A.*

13 AND GOING STILL

The publishers have tried their best to suppress "A Plain American in England," as they fear International complication with England, but it sold 13 last month.

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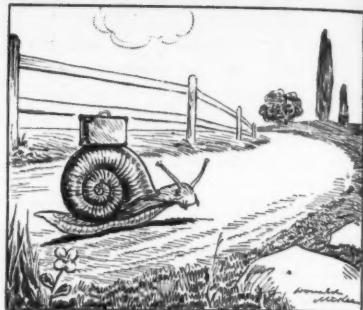
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Brevity

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TEACHER: Johnny, what is a skeleton?

JOHNNY: Please, ma'am, it's a man with his insides out, and his outsides off.—*Everybody's.*



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The Conservation of Womanhood and Childhood, by Theodore Roosevelt. (Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75 cents.)

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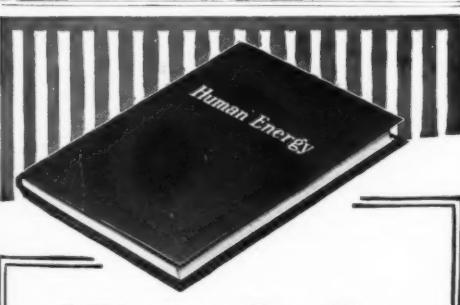
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